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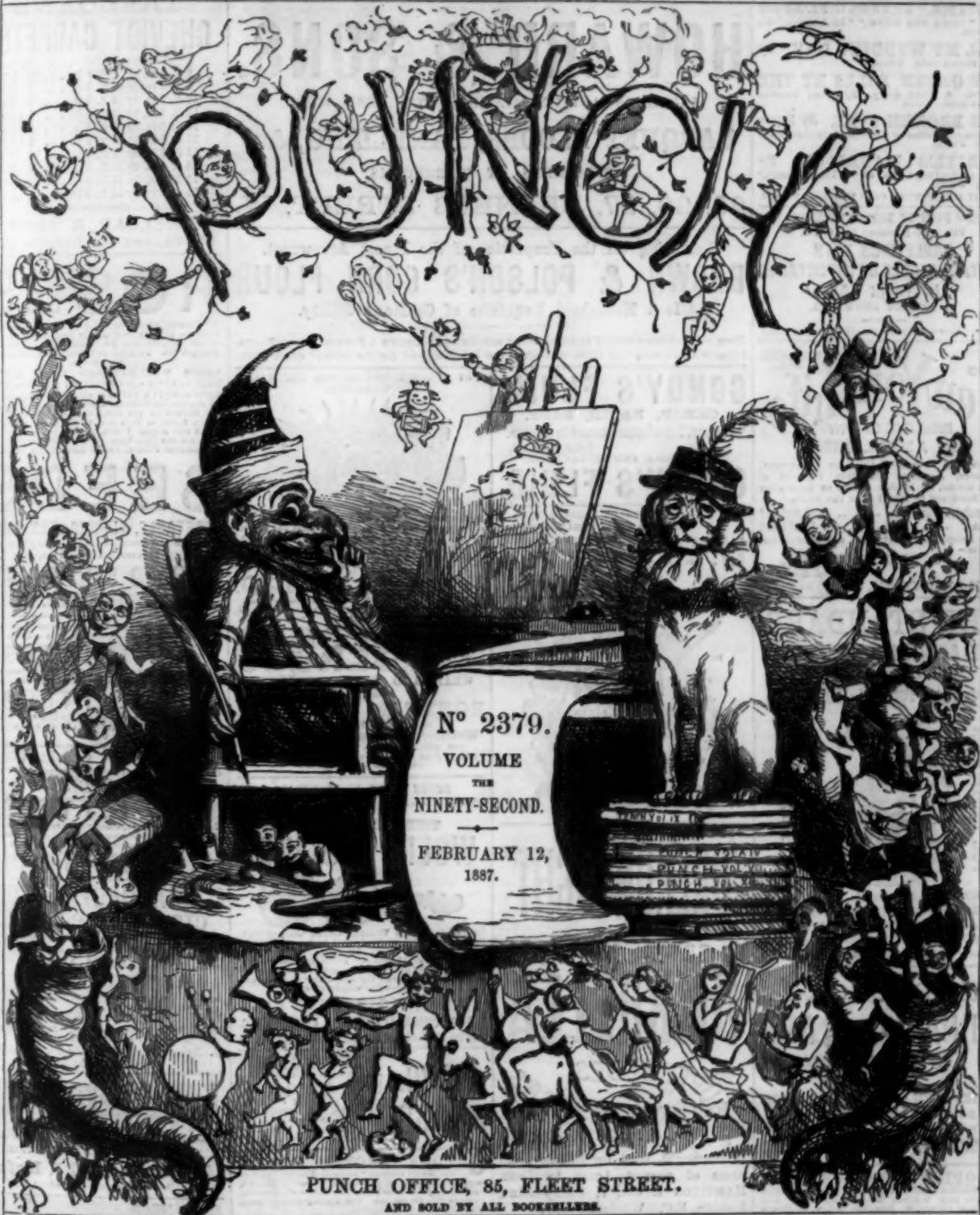
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"Scent, James?"

AUTOMATA-SUPER-SPRINGS.

(By Our Own Investigator.)

BEFORE entering the town I had to cross a stile, against which was leaning a gentleman of a most engaging appearance. Raising my hat, I asked him politely to allow me to pass. He made no reply, when I found from a placard on his back, which asked me to call his attention by "pressing the top button of his frock-coat," that no doubt he was deaf. Complying with the direction, the gentleman at once bowed and made room for me.

"You wish, I suppose," said he, with rather a strange smile, "to see all that is to be seen."

He spoke a little jerkily, and there was a curious kind of tone in his voice, which made me fear he was a martyr to bronchitis.

"Yes," I answered, "is there anything worth looking at before we actually enter Automata?"

"Not much. You notice that that cow milks itself, and by placing the produce into the dairy, produces cheese and butter. The whole farm is carried on on the same principle."

My friend walked on and I followed him. I was concerned to notice that he seemed rather unsteady on his legs, and to have a tendency to run up unconsciously against lamp-posts. The place I found perfectly deserted—we did not meet a soul.

"Automata appears to be rather empty?" I observed.

"Well, yes. The fact is everything is done by machinery—steam or clockwork. Now here we are before a fishmonger's. You notice that slit in the box, drop in sixpence and see what will come of it."

I did so, and immediately a drawer flew out lined with marble, upon which was resting a whiting.

"Were you to place appropriate sums (you could take that list hanging yonder as a guide) in those other slits, you could secure all sorts of fish—soles, skate, mackerel, and even oysters."

"Most remarkable," I observed. "And I suppose these other shops are on the same principle?"

"Certainly," replied my guide. "It is really very well managed. In this slit (which belongs to the butcher) were we to place half a sovereign, an enormous joint of beef would be at our service. Place three sovereigns in this hole and await the result."

As my instructions had been to spare no expense in conducting my investigation, I dropped the sum named through the aperture, and immediately drew out a mysterious something of wire, gauze, and ribbon, the intrinsic value of which seemed to me well under a couple of shillings.

"A lady's bonnet!" explained my guide, with a metallic chuckle. "But not only have we the system of automatic shopping, but other conveniences are at our command. Pardon me—coming through the fields you have managed to dirty your boots. Place your foot on

this box and watch what follows. By the way, as a preliminary, you must drop in a penny."

I followed my guide's directions, and in a moment a pair of brushes were busily at work, assisted by a blacking-bottle and a couple of polishers. My boots were capitally cleaned by artificial hands attached to wires and piston-rods.

"Perhaps you would like something to eat?" queried my guide.

"Certainly," I answered, and we entered a restaurant.

"This is rather well managed. You see you select your own meal, drop in the necessary sum, and take a seat. The pressure of a spring in the chair supplies the rest." I sat down, and in a moment a serviette was tied round my neck, and a knife, fork, and spoon were placed before me. Soup, fish, and a fillet followed. Then came some cheese, and a hand politely handed me a salver, upon which rested the receipted bill. I noticed that my guide ate nothing, and he explained that he did not require anything—he was not hungry. Upon leaving the restaurant we came to the residence of a doctor, with the usual brass door-plate.

"We don't show this to ladies or children, because they are so nervous. But, really, it is rather clever. Just slip in ten guineas."

"Rather a large sum," I remonstrated.

"But well worth the money."

Thus urged, I dropped a cheque into the box. Immediately a prescription was thrown out.

"Is that all?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, no!" he replied. "We set our faces against high prices. You have not yet got all you are entitled to for your money."

Even as he spoke a very long drawer came from the door, containing something rather bulky. I looked down—it was a coffin!

"Enough to kill a timid man!" I exclaimed, angrily.

My companion, who during the last few minutes had been speaking and walking very slowly, made no reply.

"Don't you think so?" I asked, sharply.

My guide, with one foot lifted as if to take another step, and his mouth open as if to speak, kept perfectly still. To attract his attention, I gave him a gentle push. He tumbled over like a doll, and then, by the disarrangement of his coat which revealed some complicated wheels, I found that he was an Automaton! He had run down! As I could not find a key to wind him up again, I obtained no further information.

THE OXONIAN'S WEEK.

(After the Establishment of the proposed "School of Agriculture.")

Monday.—In morning, attended lecture by Regius Professor of Top-dressing. After that, an in-College lecture on "Theory and Practice of Cucumber-raising." Afternoon devoted to practical experiments in that portion of the College Quadrangle which has been allotted to me for agricultural purposes. Afraid there's something defective in my way of treating mangel-wurzels. Dean acts as bailiff, and blew me up tremendously about it.

Tuesday.—My silo coming on nicely. Inspected it after morning chapel, and so pleased with result that I offered some of the compressed hay to the Master. Master angry. Wanted to know "if I took him for a horse?" A donkey more likely—don't say this, however. Bad beginning of day. Goes on still worse. Sent for by Dean, who says, "he's sorry to notice that my beetroots are looking very sickly, and if this continues he will be compelled to gate me for a week." Depressed. Attend lectures on "practical Laundry work," and "Cottage Cookery." Intended to fit us, as Master says, for "being useful to our parishioners when we become country persons." Don't mean to be a country parson myself; chosen this school because ever so much easier to get honours in it than Classics or Philosophy.

Wednesday.—Put on white tie, gown, and corduroys, and go off to the "Schools." First day of examination for a class. Flatter myself I've floored the morning paper, anyhow, on "connection between agriculture and morals." My reference to ancient systems of ploughing most eruditely. Wonder if examiners will show me modern system of ploughing? Don't think so, as far as exam. has gone at present. In afternoon, *vid roce* on Domestic Button-sewing, with practical illustrations. Ran a needle into my finger early, and couldn't stitch at all. Brute of an Examiner told me, "I had entirely ruined two shirt-cuffs, and I'd better be careful." Go away feeling quite miserable.

Thursday.—Miscellaneous agricultural questions. "What evidence is there to show that Cicero knew of the rotation of crops?" None, that I know of. "Who introduced Swedes into England?" King of SWEDEN, probably; or, was it SWEDENBORG? Put down the latter. On the whole encouraged by day's work. Another *vid roce*, this time on Laundry. Asked what I should do "if I sent five shirts to the wash, and only two came home?" Examiner seemed pleased with my answer. Rather a dab at the Laundry. If it were Cambridge, suppose I should be called "Senior Mangler." Return to rooms exhilarated, and find that some sportive undergrads, have been "making hay" there; wish they'd do it in their own silos instead.

Friday.—Day of rest. How turnips. **Saturday.**—Result of exam. to come out to-day. Go early to Schools to see. Horror! My name is not on the List at all! Sent for by Master. Says "Examiner's report is, that my views on Potato-culture are most erroneous and unorthodox; also that I don't seem even to have heard of the new system of planting Standard rose-trees with their roots in the air, invented by the Vice-Chancellor; and that they're reluctantly compelled to refuse me my *Testamur*!" Agriculture ends in my being rusticated! Go down same evening, and wish to goodness I'd stuck to Latin and Greek.



"HARD TIMES."

Cabby (to thrifty Old Lady). "WANT ALL THAT THERE LUGGAGE TO GO INSIDE! I WONDER YOU DON'T WANT TO BE 'ISTED ONTO THE ROOF YERSELF, AN' BE TOOK AS A PARCEL!!"

A QUIET SUNDAY.

MARIA says I ought to go to church this morning with her and the children. But, as I tell her, my paper upon "The New Method of Obtaining Flavaniline from Orthoamidoacetophenone" is a work of necessity, and I cannot do full justice to the importance of my subject except on a day when all ordinary traffic has ceased. Afraid MARIA thinks I'm shirking—women have no sympathy with science.

Get out my rough notes, and begin. Fortunately for me this secluded neighbourhood is comparatively free from church bells; I ought to get my work done before luncheon. Now then:—"It will probably be familiar to most of my hearers that the extremely interesting substance under our notice has been recently ascertained to be amido-phenyl-lepidine, though you may not all be equally aware that *Flavenol*—" Bless my heart! what's that?—a German band—to-day!—scandalous! Must knock off work till they have finished—they are coming nearer. . . . It can't be a German band, in poken-bonnets and tambourines! Why, of course, the Salvation Army! Well, I daresay they do a vast amount of good. . . . Now I can resume:—"Flavenol is, expressed in simpler words, hydroxyphenyl-lepidine: it necessarily follows, then, that—" I'm afraid the Salvation Army must be coming back again. Must go to window and see. Odd: Curate walking backwards with concertina, half-a-dozen old women, and banner. "The Church Army." Dear, dear! I'm afraid they don't strike the popular imagination as much as the poken-bonnets and tambourines; but they mean well, no doubt. Still, they do interrupt. Let me proceed:—"that, taking the higher homologue—" Cheering this time! Are those Salvation or Church cheers, I wonder? I don't disapprove of heartiness myself; but where was I going to take my homologue? Can't remember. Never mind—pass on:—"Now, I need hardly remind you that pico-line is methylpyridine." But how can I fix my thoughts on picoline if those people yell like that? I see; it is not piety this time—it's Politics. Some one is holding a large open-air meeting at the street corner. I have always understood that the right of free speech and meeting in public is the proudest privilege of a Briton; but why yell over it? There, it's no use—I am confusing *Triamidotriphenylmethane* with *Diamido-phenylacridine* now! My thoughts are no

longer under control—I must give it up. After all, this is a Day of Rest. It is wiser to lay aside all secular labour, and attend my Parish Church as usual. There, at least, I shall be soothed and quieted into forgetfulness of this world—yes, I will go . . .

Never appreciated the calming influence of sacred music so much. What a mercy it is the Choir don't use tambourines! How restful are the decency and order that reign here undisturbed. Murmurs outside . . . sensation in congregation . . . A band of Socialists have arrived to assist in our devotions! There, there, as I whisper to MARIA, there is plenty of room for us all. If they wish to join us, let us welcome them. I say—it's a good symptom!

They come tramping down the aisle . . . I could wish, as a seat-holder of some standing, that they would not leave a banner with "Bread or Blood!" on it in a corner of my pew—it frightens the poor children so! The Verger remonstrates with Head Socialist. Head Socialist says Church belongs to the People, and they have a right to know what goes on in it, especially as they mean to do away with it by-and-by. There's something in that, no doubt, but then they seem to have come here chiefly to read their newspapers.

Interruption in first lesson; Democrat attempting to prove to the Curate that the Egyptians were all capitalists—Curate naturally rather nervous at being told he is a liar.

If I dared, I should like just to hint to that stalwart Socialist in front that it is a little out of order to hiss the Prayer for the High Court of Parliament.

It is rather rude of the Democrat who is sitting next to me to call me a "Pampered Pharisee" merely for finding the hymn for him, and I should perhaps be better able to attend to the sermon, if there were not twenty or thirty patriots all round me whistling the "Marseillaise." Still, as they say, this a free country, and a man's opinions are his own. . . . Another ten minutes of this, and I'm very much afraid my poor MARIA will be in hysterics; the children are crying already, because they say the Socialists are making ugly faces at them. At last, thank Heaven! it is over. They have taken their banner, and marched out, cheering for the Coming Revolution. Now we can go away in peace.

I was too hasty, it seems—they have collected in the churchyard, and are bonneting all the Aristocrats (an Aristocrat, for them, is any



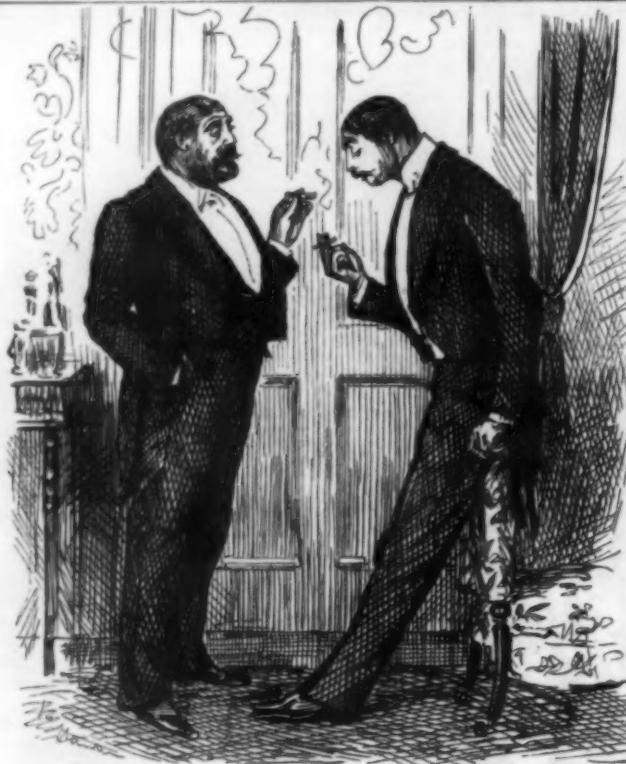
THE FENIAN FIEND TROUBLING THE CANADIAN WATERS.

person in a tall hat). They evidently consider me—who have been a consistent, if mild, Radical all my life—as an Aristocrat of the most aggressive type. Have to take a cab home. After luncheon, read article in Evangelical magazine on "The Blessings of an English Sabbath," to renewed accompaniments from Church Army, Salvation Army, Street Politicians, and Socialists outside.

YORKS!—“Amongst those who went best throughout the day,” with Mr. HARDING COX’s hounds in the Old Berkeley Country, said the *World*, last week, “was Mr. JONES the dramatic author, whose enthusiasm in the chace has already given him a wide reputation.” A wider reputation, may be, than he’ll get from a run with the *Noble Vagabond* or *Ard’It*. In his next piece he will probably bring the scent of the fox over the flote, and let us hope, if now and then “at fault,” he may try back, make a workmanlike cast with the

Princess’s or Haymarket pack for some new drama, and then having “hit it off,” may he cry, “Forrardy! Forrardy!” and be in for a good run—of two or three hundred nights.

THE Separatist fever is catching. It appears that the Orkney and Shetland Isles are now agitating for a special Legislature of their own, and we shall probably soon have the Scilly Isles following suit. Indeed, there is no reason that the movement should stop there. Why should not the Isle of Dogs, for instance, have a Parliament to itself? Then, again, there is Eel Pie Island, or, for the matter of that, the Goodwin Sands. To judge from the recent utterances of certain Anti-Unionist politicians, it is not easy to define the limits they would assign to the latest development of the craze for legislative independence. Why not try Home Rule in the Chops of the Channel? The experiment would be at once significant and entertaining.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"WELL, BUT IF YOU CAN'T BEAR HER, WHATEVER MADE YOU PROPOSE?"

"WELL, WE HAD DANCED THREE DANCES, AND I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY!"

FRANCE AND SAVOY.

MESSES. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN actually wrote to the French *Figaro* explaining, in very excellent French—(the compilation of the letter must have given them considerable trouble, but whatever they undertake they do thoroughly—with the best grammars and conversation books on the table, Mr. GILBERT pacing up and down dictating, D'OLY CARTE looking out the words in a dictionary, and Sir ARTHUR writing out the rough copy in his neatest hand)—that the song of their "*Marin pour rire*" (some relation to a "rear-admiral") was not intended as an insult to the French flag, and that, therefore, "*La Marine d'une nation aussi brave que chevaleresque*"—(Bravo, Sir ARTHUR! If this wasn't a touch of your special polish, and if D'OLY CARTE didn't chuckle over it mightily, then are we mistaken in our men)—needn't take umbrage at what was merely a kind of joke, about on a par, i.e., "*ayant précisément autant de sens que 'Rosbif' et 'Goddam' employés pour ridiculer les Anglais dans une comédie-burlesque française*."

And so, in spite of the irate "*T. JOHNSON*," the distinguished correspondent of the *Figaro*—more distinguished than ever now by his apparent inability to understand Mr. GILBERT's peculiar humour—the funds will recover, the war scare will not be intensified, and the peace of Europe will be undisturbed. Evidently the two Savoyards consider the "*Comédie-burlesque*" anglaise at the Savoy as the *Pice* of Europe. This has not been undisturbed, as we hear that most of the first-night jokes have been taken out of the Second Act, which now ought to go capitally. But what a lesson is here!—that after the most careful rehearsal, after days and nights of work and elaboration, and after a dress rehearsal in the presence of critics, it is only after the public performance, and this in the presence of a most friendly and enthusiastic audience, that the mistakes are found out which ought to have been discovered and rectified at rehearsal.

THE ALLCARD-CASE.—Where the plaintiff wanted to get back money she had given away, what an unfortunate combination of names were those whom the demand affected—“SKINNER and NIHILL.” Of course, nought could be got out of NICHILL—a name which is suggestive of “Noughty,” but of course “nice.” The Skinners’ Guild must have felt much relieved after the decision of Mr. Justice KREKIEWICH, who seems to have talked a considerable amount of nonsense while arriving at a fair and just verdict. In future, over the doors of all conventional establishments, Protestant or not, will be written, “No MONEY RETURNED.”

JUST IN TIME.

In the new edition of *Men of the Time*, the Editor, in a pleasant preface declares that his object has been to preserve, as far as possible the laws of proportion, and announces that “could he publish his experience with regard to the communications that he has received from the different subjects of the biographies, he could certainly produce a volume no less instructive than amusing.” This no doubt is the case, but as *Mr. Punch* is less scrupulous, he uses his gift of divination to guess at the nature of some of the autobiographical notes that have been sent to the amiable compiler.

Gl-dst-ne, The Right Hon., W. E.—Great hand at felling trees. Very fond of comic songs. Can play the banjo. Knows how to dance a breakdown. Hates politics, can't bear power. Is a Scotshman, also a Welshman, also an Irishman. Fond of liver and bacon. Liked TENNYSON very much years ago, but thinks he has recently sadly fallen off. Has written a piece but can get neither Mr. IRVING nor Mr. TOOLE to play in it, although they both say it is the best they ever read. Does not know whether the piece is a Comedy or a Tragedy, Mr. IRVING considers it the former, Mr. TOOLE the latter. Is a great collector of penny postage-stamps. Never lost his temper in his life.

Br-dl-gh, C.—Descended from the earliest of the Crusaders. Is conscientious, honest and chivalrous. From his childhood's days objected to swearing. Particularly fond of Church architecture. Takes great delight in playing with tin soldiers.

H-re-rt, Right Hon. Sir. W. V.—Rightful heir to several of the European thrones. Some day when he has time will claim the best of them. Knows nothing of law. Fond of toffy. Hates people who pull at their beards and have similar habits.

T-le, Mr. J. L.—Great Shakspearian Actor. Prefers the rôles of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Cardinal Wolsey*, and *Richard the Third*, but, if desired, can play *Romeo*. Always comes home to tea. Devotes all his energies to the world behind the scenes, and thinks nothing of the front of the house. Objects to additions being made by actors to their author's words. Is extremely particular about points of etiquette, and never shakes hand in kid without apologising for wearing his glove.

Ch-rch-II, Rt. Hon. Lord R.—A little modest flower. Hates sensation, and loathes advertisement. Cannot bear to be talked about. The best fellow in the world to get on with. Is certainly rather partial to practical jokes, but means no harm. Fond of tripping.

De Sn-ks M-nm-r-ney H-w-rd, Esq.—A scion of an ancient Surrey family. A De SNOGGERS came over with the Conqueror, and the family is next heard of in the character of Mr. DE SN-ks's father, who was a merchant in Liverpool about the middle of the present century. The land upon which Mr. DE SN-ks has settled is thousands of years old. The premises include a baronial hall, a chapel, and a family vault—all quite new. A cousin of Mr. DE SN-ks is an officer in a West India Regiment, and several of his friends are Captains in the Volunteers.

Tiger Lilly v. Huxley.

LILLY writes brightly
In *The Fortnightly*,
Meaning sharp HUXLEY to settle;
HUXLEY looks silly,
Finding his LILLY
Turns out a stinging nettle.

THE conduct of these Loafers—for Loafers they are, and ill-bred too—who, smoking short-pipes, march to Church and hiss the Prayer for the QUEEN and Royal Family, and certain portions of the (to them) highly objectionable and tyrannical decalogue, is somewhat akin to reckless wreckers of pieces who visit our theatres on first nights, determined to damn everything in a general way, especially if they are actuated by some spite against actor, author, or manager. Such loafers as these might now call themselves the “New Church and Stage Guild,” since, not satisfied with disturbing the people in the full pit of a theatre, they will now disturb the parson in the pulpit. If they are roughs “put up to it,” let them be strongly put down.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XVI.—THE STREET AUCTIONEER.

THIS gentleman carries on his profession at the corners of little back streets at night, by the light of paraffin cans. He has a melancholy air, as if his experiences had led him to form a low opinion of his fellow-men, and he never disguises his yearning to give up the whole business, and go home in disgust. His chief characteristics are the utter absence of conviction with which he pronounces his most extravagant eulogies, and his habit of starting the bidding at some quite impossible height, and climbing down by rapid stages.

His stock will generally be found to consist of cheap photograph frames, small ornaments under glass shades, quicksilvered vases of strange and fearful design, and selection of atrocious German lithographs, round which a crowd of Saturday-night shoppers gather in various stages of listlessness, and generally without the smallest apparent intention of buying anything whatever.

"Now, then," says the Auctioneer, wearily, as he fumbles among his stock, "I'll tell yer what I'm going to do for yer." (Here he brings out some of the lithographs.) "I 'ave 'ere"—(Here he dusts the frames lovingly)—"I 'ave 'ere a set, complete, of four 'ighly-coloured oil-paintings, by one of the leading artists of the day, reppresentin' the life of an 'Ighlander .

"Number One shows the 'Ighlander in his native 'eath, givin' his young coman a thistle he has plucked for her. Number Two, the same 'Ighlander settin' out for the wars, partin' from his young coman, the same young coman (as you can see from her plaid petticoats) at the cottage-door, with a colley-dog and a waterfall in the immejit background.

"Number Three depicts the 'Ighlander as he is in battle, firing on the enemy with his claymore. Now, I guarantee that as a correck representation of the scene; while in Number Four you 'ave the return of the 'Ighlander to the young coman, wounded, with cottage, colley-dog, and waterfall, as before!

"Now, who'll give me ten shillings for the lot complete?"

Apparently nobody, though a woman, who hardly looks as if she had ten pence to devote to the encouragement of Art, examines the cottage scene with the air of a connoisseur.

"No one give me ten shillin' for this suit of subjects, drawn and coloured from life? Well, it's throwin' money into the gutter; but I dessay, in these 'ard times, money ain't exactly plenty with you, so I don't mind if I meet you arf way. Nine-and-ninepence buys the lot—nine-and-ninepence!"

But nine-and-ninepence has not this privilege, and the auctioneer grows more pessimistic. "You don't know a work of art when it's showed you, and that's the fact! Why, the gilt on the frames alone is worth all the money. Nine-and-six, then. Nine shillin'! Come, will eight shillin' tempt yer? It ain't on'y two bob an 'Ighlander. Seven-and-sixpence!"

Still the crowd is not impressed. "Look 'ere—it's not my way to bargain. You shall 'ave 'em at five bob. No one say five bob? I'm ashamed of you, callin' yourselves intelligent workin' men, and lettin' such a chance go by yer. Four-and-six!"

"Now, don't you make no mistake—this is the last offer I can afford to make to yer, if I'm struck dead this very minute! It's the last lot left on 'and, or I wouldn't do what I'm goin' to do, though it's robbin' myself. I'll stick to my next offer—three-and-sixpence. That's my last word, so make up your minds. I'm about to put 'em back where I took 'em from. I shall sell 'em for double at some other pitch, where there is more taste and money. Three-and-sixpence!"

The audience remains calm, even at this, and the auctioneer proceeds:—

"If it warn't that I was in such an 'urry to go 'ome to my tea, I



shouldn't let the lot remain up another instant; but I'll give yer just one more chance, and, after that, I shall know what to think of yer. Arf a crown—two shillin' and sixpence? Look at 'em—'andle 'em, if you like. There's the rings all ready to 'ang 'em up directly you get 'em 'ome—real plate-glass fronts, all sound workmanship, done in five distinct colours, 2 feet by 18 inches in diameter, for two-and-sixpence! Why, I paid more 'n that in the studio! If it was known what I was askin' for 'em now, I shouldn't be allowed to sell no more. Two-and-sixpence! Well, I'm darned if ever I see such a poor lot as you are! I'll try yer once more—two shillin'. What, even that don't make yer open yer mouths? P'rhaps you expect me to wrap 'em up in silver paper, and pay you for takin' 'em off my 'ands? That's the sort you are! Two shillin'. Well, eighteen pence—eighteen pence, and they change 'ands! Just think it over, afore I put 'em aside. If there's any young couple is keepin' company, and thinkin' of settin' up 'ouse, they won't get no fairer value for their money than this. It's an article of this style as makes a 'appy 'ome—so don't deceive yourselves!"

Upon this a young artisan comes forward, abashed-faced, and grinning, and produces the necessary coins, unable to resist domestic felicity on such easy terms.

"Thank you, Sir—I kingratulate you on such a bargin'. There won't be none others as 'll get me at a similar disadvantage, so don't you make no mistake. There you are, Sir—and don't go tellin' nobody what you gave for 'em, or you'll be accused of bein' a liar. And now we'll go to somethink else."

And here Mr. Punch proposes to follow his example.

JACK'S REJOINDER.

Addressed—to Whom it Particularly Concerns.

Now, when the last big ten-inch gun has burst,
And we're a waiting, eager for the order,
A longing each of us to be the first
To grapple somehow up her sides, and board her,
And down upon the furrin Mounseers swoop,
With every blessed outlass bared, and gleaming,—
If they bends like a bit of iron hoop,
Think you we'll find the fun precisely "screaming?"
"In course," you'll say, and so your fun you'll poke,
And have, at JACK's expense, your little joke!
But if the country doesn't see the fun,
Of paying down good cash, while getting treated
To rotten stuff in outlass and in gun,
Supplied by swindling hands by whom it's cheated;
And rising in its wrath, with accents grave,
The mischief to its source succinctly traces,
And gibbets first, then punishes the knave,
No matter what his station or his place is,
Then p'raps you'll own, although your fun you poke,
That JACK as well will have his little joke.

HOW MUCH MORE OF IT?

OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO BY AUGUST.

In the House of Commons yesterday the adjourned debate on the Address was again resumed. This being the 129th day of this now protracted discussion, the attendance was somewhat thin, and it was understood that all the Members of the Government were absent at their country seats, and at present had no intention of returning. The preliminary notices of questions, however, showed no signs of abatement, lasting fully three hours and a half, during which the SPEAKER, who looked still jaded and irritable, dozed off several times, and had to be awakened, much to his apparent annoyance, on each occasion by one of the Clerks of the House. The adjourned debate was then continued by Mr. McBLATHER, TALKSWORTHER, CHATTERBY, FROTHING, MAUNDER and MOUTHER, the discussion, which has now dealt in turn exhaustively with every Home and Continental Social, Political, Scientific, Literary, Agricultural, and Artistic question, turning principally during the course of the evening on the prospects of the fly-catching interests in the Malay Peninsula, the free importation by rail of stuffed animals to South Kensington, the alleged supply of inferior Scandinavian butterine to Provincial Lunatic Asylums, and the recent scandalous revelations in the affairs of the South Patagonian Invalid Bath Chair Company.

On the motion of Mr. JAWLEY the debate was adjourned at twenty minutes to four, the SPEAKER on leaving the House being so fatigued that he had to be fanned for some minutes in the Lobby with the cover of a Blue Book before proceeding to his residence. It is calculated that at the present rate of progress, the division may possibly be taken at the close of the ensuing month. The business of the Session might then, it is hoped, at once commence.



SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE RECITER

Brown (pointing to next room). "THAT'S NOT THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE A PARTY GO OFF!"

Jones (pointing to himself). "BY JOVE! IT'S THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE THIS PARTY GO OFF! TA-TA!"

[Exit.]

CHURCHILLIUS.

Fragments of a Lay sung in the Forum, showing how M. Curtius Churchillius made an Alarming Sacrifice of himself, and got into a rather big hole—and out again.

Ye good Men of the Commons, with sturdy souls and true,
Who stand a lot from smart young men that make good sport for
you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what you once have borne, and yet may have to bear.
This is no common fable—'tis worthy of the Nine,
Of the great rhetor's flowing phrase and loud-resounding line.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the Parties, the daring deed was done;
Nay, there be those among you who saw it, I dare say,
But none the less you'll lend an ear to my heroic lay.

His "lay," too was heroic; the slangy phrase excuse;
There's nothing voted duller than a too punctilious Muse.
Just ask BRET HARTE—or BROWNING; the latter bard, at times,
Will lisp the former hollow for larky words and rhymes.
The "lay" then of CHURCHILLIUS was most heroic; yes,
And heroic! rather pays if managed with success.
That gap which in the Forum had opened gaped so wide,
Black Auster, ANCHOR up, had failed to take it in his stride.
It yawned like any Churchyard, the muzzle of a Krupp,
Or the tired Member late at night when CONFBEARE is up;
It yawned and kept on yawning, insatiate as Sin
Or Death, no matter who was Out, no matter who was In.
Taxation would not fill it, though like a Danaë shower
Poured into it by day and night with ten-Niagara power;
E'en Blue Books failed to brim it; nay, there were those who swore
The speeches of GLADSTONIUS, like the sands on Ocean's shore
For multitude unnumbered, and like MUNDILLA's nose,
Or the Commercial Road, for length, which one might well suppose
Would block the vast Inane itself, were as one pinch of snuff
In THOROLD ROGERS's mighty beak, not nearly quantum suff.

Then up and spake CHURCHILLIUS; unto himself spake he:

"In this same all-devouring gulf I rather think I see
An opening for a smart young man. I'm young and I am smart.
I see my rôle's to fill that hole; I'm game to play the part."
CHURCHILLIUS was Chancellor; for that he cared no jot.
"This is," said he, "the sort of place where rubbish may be shot
For ever and for ever with none effect at all.
A sacrifice is needed here! A leap is not a fall.
I take the jump but as a step toward my destined goal,
And the result will tell us who is 'left in the hole.'"

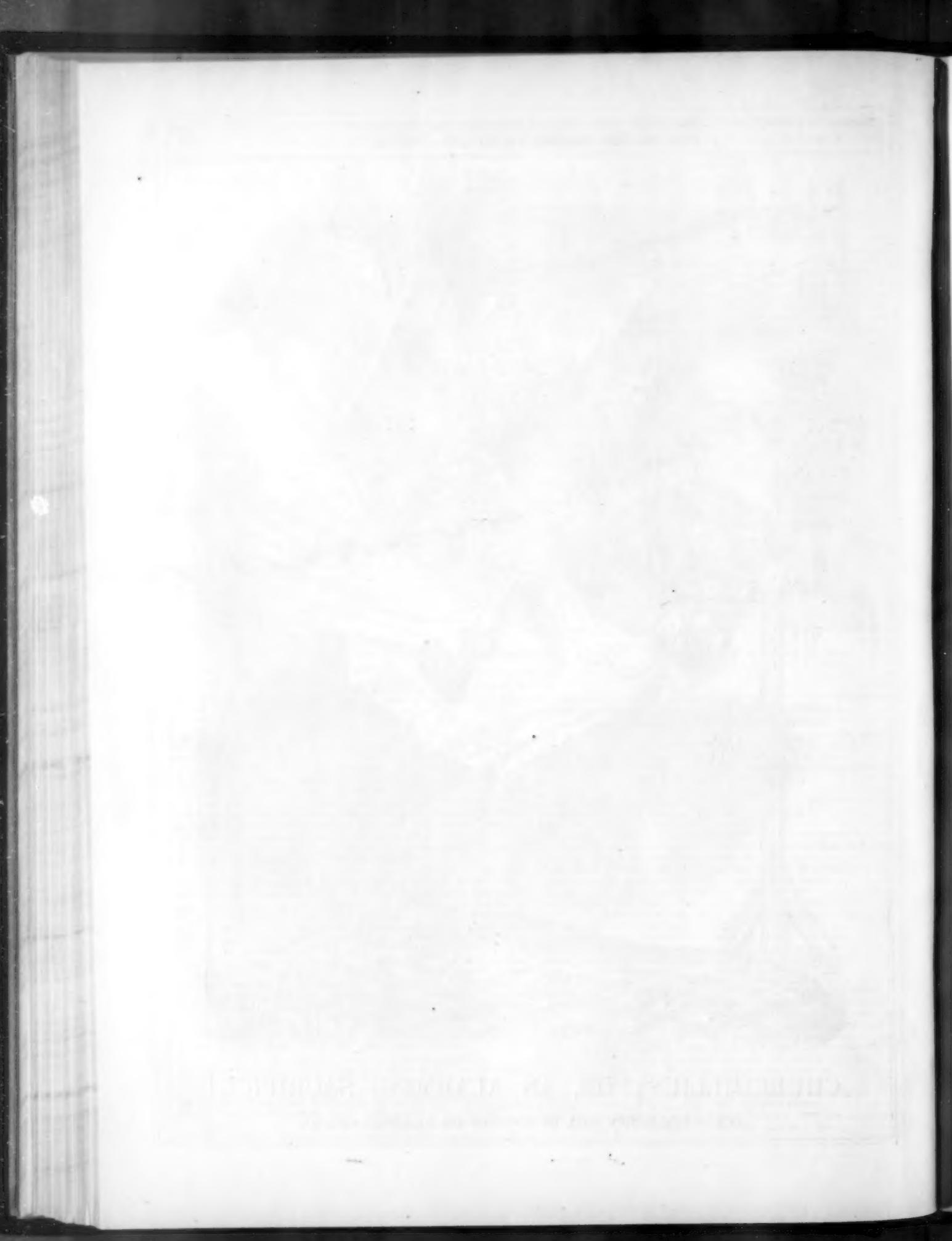
Then up and spake CHURCHILLIUS, unto the House he spake:
"Commons, too long this gaping gulf hath made you gasp and quake.
As to the Curtius Locus the oracle of old.
Announcement made which I'll apply, if I may be so bold.
Whatever was most precious the Romans had to throw,
A sacrifice, into that hole; this is a similar go.
Therefore I'm clearly singled out by a sagacious Fate
To play the sacrificial part, and so to save the State.
Oh, don't be flabberghasted; the voice of destiny
Declares that ere this gulf is closed a Chancellor must die.
And how can one die better than facing a big cropper,
On it, and eightpence in the pound, to put a final stopper?"

CHURCHILLIUS gaily mounted upon his gallant steed,
His ligneous horse (spotted of course) of the famed Hobby breed.
"Retrenchment" was the charger's name, from the Gladstonian stud.
By "Vigilance" out of "Vegetal" higher in bone than blood.
He doffed his helm and buckler, he bared his trenchant blade,
(What time below on the Q. T. the feather bed they laid),
Off from the gulf's grim marge he shot like stone from catapult,
And——A later lay some later day may tell you the result.
Exit CHURCHILLIUS! Quite so. But actors have a way
Of dying hard one night, to live—and die—another day.
Gone from our gaze, young hero! But such a splendid feat,
Is a performance that a "star" will probably repeat.
And lost the public bosom with anguish should be riven,
Of our Star's "reappearance" due notice will be given.



CHURCHILLIUS; OR, AN ALARMING SACRIFICE!

(N.B.—"DUE NOTICE WILL BE GIVEN OF HIS RE-APPEARANCE.")



GOING COURTING.

Mr. Nibbs. I lost sight of you, Sir, in the crowd at the Court the other night. How did you like *Dandy Dick*?

Mr. Punch. Immensely. I haven't seen anything that has made me laugh so much—laugh till I cried—since *The Private Secretary*.

Mr. Nibbs. The notion of making Mr. CLAYTON a Dean in a farce, —the very ideal figure for it,—is in itself humorous, Sir,—do you not think so?

Mr. Punch. No, honestly, I do not. Mr. CLAYTON's name is chiefly associated with serious drama, and he is essentially an earnest and most conscientious actor. By natural dramatic selection he would be cast for a Dean, or a Bishop, in a tragedy, a comedy, or a drama, and he would then be the right man in the right place. But here, as a real Dean in a farce, Mr. CLAYTON's wish to throw himself heart and soul into the humour of the situation, which he intensely



"Tidd's Court Practice."

appreciates, is too evident. Imagine Mr. J. W. HILL as the Dean with Mrs. JOHN WOOD as the sporting *Georgina Tidman*!

Mr. Nibbs. But as Mr. HILL is not here—

Mr. Punch. Quite so. I am only "supposing." As it is I do not understand why Mr. ARTHUR CECIL was not cast for the *Dean*—unless it is that he is looking forward to a holiday—as any ordinary careful actor could play *Blore* the butler, and Mr. CECIL might join Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in his Continental trip while the Government of the Court and the Country would be carried on successfully in their absence.

Mr. Nibbs. The dialogue struck me as smart.

Mr. Punch. It is capital dialogue, capitally delivered by almost everybody. What especially pleases me, is that Mr. PINERO boldly describes his piece as an "original farce in three Acts." Now, as almost anything is permissible in farce, an audience is rendered supremely happy with the minimum of probability and the maximum of absurdity, as long as it does not become, either in action or dialogue, extravagant burlesque. And here as an Old Dramatic Hand, I would warn Mr. PINERO against his tendency to imitate a method which is Mr. GILBERT's patent, and of which he ought to enjoy the monopoly. Mr. PINERO is bubbling over with fun, and can well afford to do without some of *Miss Sheba's* speeches—a part far too strongly accentuated by Miss NORRIS, whose self-consciousness and very apparent anxiety to make every line tell, mar the charm of her otherwise clever performance,—and without some of the mechanical action given to her and her sister *Salome*—very nicely played by Miss LEWIS—which suggests the idea of the author's having borrowed the Savoy mechanism for use at the Court. These two young ladies, with their sudden jerkings, floppings, lying backwards on the table, and other eccentricities, all evidently done to order, run the risk of becoming mere marionettes. There is nothing spontaneous in their individual movements. This is the fault with the part that Mrs. TREE plays in Mr. PINERO's curious mixture called the *Hobby Horse* at the St. James's. But having said this, I have little else but praise for *Dandy Dick*.

Mr. Nibbs. Yet, first-rate as the farce is, would it have achieved such a success but for Mrs. WOOD?

Mr. Punch. Recollect that when an author writes for a particular company the actors or actresses become part and parcel of such piece. Mr. PINERO, who, to my thinking, has suited neither Mr. CLAYTON nor Mr. CECIL in this piece, has fitted Mrs. JOHN WOOD with a part as perfectly as the best tailor would with a riding-habit. To see her square her elbows, put her head on one side, thrust out her hand, and walk forward in a knowing sort of way, to welcome

her old racing friend, *Sir Tristram*, is something never to be forgotten. It is a joy for ever! But remember that Mr. PINERO must have calculated on this in writing the part, and doubtless Mrs. WOOD has exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

Mr. Nibbs. And is not Mr. EDMUND MAURICE good as *Sir Tristram*?

Mr. Punch. He is so true to nature that he might have been in a comedy, and yet he fits exactly into his place in this farce. This is because the original model is highly coloured in actual life; and so his boisterous manner and his countryified awkwardness are familiar notes of the type. Whether by accident or design—for this actor's name is new to me—Mr. MAURICE's *Sir Tristram* is simply perfect. I can say no more.

Mr. Nibbs. The two officers, M. KERR and EVERSFIELD, were good, especially the former, as the Major with a liver. He was not a bit overdone—for farce, I mean. But, dear me, remembering *Caste*—

Mr. Punch. Yes, I know what you are going to say,—"how you would like to have seen Mr. BANCROFT as *Major Tarver*?" What a shout would have gone up at the line, "I shall sing him off his legs," and at every effort of his to give, "*Come into the Garden, Maud*." Well, there is a suggestion of Mr. BANCROFT as *Captain Hawtree* in Messrs. PINERO and KERR's *Major Tarver*. By the way, the scene at home, "*An Evening in an English Family Household*," is very cleverly stage-managed.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. DENNY's *Policeman* is a good bit.

Mr. Punch. Very; quite a study, and, in its degree of importance, so is Miss LAURA LINDEN's *Hannah Topping*.

Mr. Nibbs. Did you notice the dramatic music that Mr. CARL ARMBRUSTER has composed, by way of illustrative accompaniment to the scene where the *Dean* and the *Butler* are mixing the bolus.

Mr. Punch. Of course I did. It was like a bit of WEBER, and one expected to see *Zamia* appear out of the fire-place. I should say that Mr. ARMBRUSTER must have revelled in it. But—it is an utter mistake. This is another example of what I was saying about bringing burlesque into farce. That this scene, played with an evident consciousness of its burlesque character by Mr. CLAYTON, and with mock horror by Mr. CECIL, amid thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, should be ridiculously intensified by melodramatic music in the orchestra, with blows on the muffled drum burlesquing and showing up the conventional mechanism of a serious melodramatic situation, is out of keeping with the character of farce, and is, I have no hesitation in saying, a distinct mistake. It distracts an audience and puzzles them, and might discount the success by at least fifty nights out the three hundred to which the piece will probably go. The storm of wind and rain would have been quite sufficient without the thunder, the *tremolo*, the muffled drum, and the parody of an incantation scene.

Mr. Nibbs. I am inclined to agree with you. The music in this situation is superfluous. It struck me, Sir, that the Second Act was not so strong as the two others.

Mr. Punch. Partially on account of this particular scene we have been discussing. Still, it is a great point when the Dramatist produces a Third Act which is as fresh as his successful First. The Third Act of *Dandy Dick*, with its lock-up and stolid policeman, reminded me of the Third Act of that capital farce, *Le Reveillon*, in which LASOUCHE played the stupid, loutish gaoler. Mr. DENNY's rural constable is its worthy companion portrait. It is an eccentric character part, and presents no difficulties to an actor in this line of business. As to Mrs. WOOD as "*George Tid*"—well, I must see her again, and I believe I shall enjoy her performance just as much as I did the first time.

Mr. Nibbs. Why on earth did Mr. PINERO make her marry *Sir Tristram*?

Mr. Punch. It's a weakness with Dramatic Authors. They're like match-making "mothers." *Sir Tristram* and "*George Tid*" were much better apart. You're quite right—it is an error of judgment; immaterial, of course, as their union affects nobody in the plot. But the audience would be so much better satisfied if they knew that their eccentric "*George Tid*" was not going to run again in double harness after the loss of her first stable companion. No matter, bless her heart! and may she be happy as *Lady Mardon*, though she can rarely, if ever, be so "happy" as she is as *Georgina Tidman*, alias "*George Tid*." One word more for the very small part of the groom—*Hatcham*, a sketch every line of which is full of character. It is capitally played by Mr. LUO. I thank everybody at the Court for a very pleasant evening. *Au revoir*.

ON THE GAVOTTE AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

CAPERS to spice old comedy revivals!
Where KATE VAUGHAN dances there need be no Rivals.

THE Prospects were Allsopped up pretty quickly. The enormous amount subscribed, said Mrs. RAM, sounds like one of "Allsopp's Fables."



THE NEW SCIENCE.

Uncle Jack. "ULLO, MY DEAR, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU AND EDWIN NOT BEEN QUARRELLING, I HOPE?"

Angelina. "NO, UNCLE JACK; BUT WE'VE BEEN TO SIGNORE GAMMONIO, THE PALMIST, TO HAVE OUR HANDS EXAMINED, AND HE SAYS WE ARE NOT SUITED TO EACH OTHER, AND OUGHT TO BREAK IT OFF AT ONCE!"

TERRIFIC STRUGGLE WITH A GRAND PIANO!

A CASE which recently came before Mr. Justice GROVE and a Common Jury in the Queen's Bench Division, has hardly in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, attracted the attention it deserved from the sensational nature of its chief incident. It appears that it had become necessary, for certain reasons, to seize a grand piano which was in the plaintiff's house, and that two men entered it with that object. An attempt would seem to have been made to deter the gallant fellows from their desperate purpose, and they accordingly waited to be reinforced by some seven or eight others of equally fearless disposition, whereupon, to quote from the *Times* report, "picking the lock of the dining-room door, where the piano lay impounded, they finally, after a struggle of some four hours, removed the piano in triumph in a van."

Why, why have we no English VICTOR HUGO to paint the fierce picturesqueness, the lurid horror of this four hours' contest with an impounded piano? It is a scene, *Mr. Punch* ventures to say, unparalleled by anything in recent fiction. Think of it, sensation novelists; the piano, lurking grand and grim in its lair, the entry of the intrepid little band of assailants—the awful combat that ensued! Can you not picture the piano at bay, lashing out with its stout mahogany legs, snapping its lid, gnashing its ivory keys (which probably had been untuned for weeks)? One holds one's breath in admiration, in wonder that any of the devoted nine or ten left that dining-room alive to tell the tale, and that the infuriated instrument did not roll its crimsoned castors over their collective corpses.

But courage and intelligence prevailed at length, as they always do, against mere blind brute force; the piano, worn out, reduced far below concert-pitch, was eventually overpowered, and removed ignominiously, like a captive menagerie lion—in a van!

Most justly was it observed by the plaintiff's Counsel during the trial, that "no one could tell the annoyance of such a scene in a house, except those who had gone through it, or witnessed it," and *Mr. Punch* feels proud to commemorate here a deed which deserves to be inscribed high in the record-roll of British heroism.

"WHY do they go on for weeks in Parliament discussing how they shall address the QUEEN?" asked Mrs. RAM. "Surely some one among them must know that the QUEEN's Address is simply 'Windsor'."

AN ANTICYCLONIC ODE.

By an Appressionist.

As on my steady threadbare way
Through life I jog,
There is one thing that makes me gay—
A London fog.

I love to wake an hour too late,
In calm seraphic,
Unruffled by the noise I hate,
Of constant traffic.

And find the genial evening hour,
Meridian scorning,
Assert its humanising pow'r
At early morning.

Without there reigns a hushing spell
O'er London's loud land,
And even 'bus conductors dwell
Awhile in cloudland.

And common objects through the fog
Come looming large,
And lamp-posts up against you jog
In jocund charge.

And streets impervious before,
For fiscal reasons,
Become a safe resort once more,
In foggy seasons.

At thaumaturgic mist's command
The sordid real
Melts in the boundless wonderland
Of the ideal.

My well-brushed hat, my muffler white,
My coat of blue,
Disguise the fact that they're not quite
As good as new.

Streets where young bards their unsung
verse
In third-floor rooms bury—
(The nascent Muse is not averse
To sombre Bloomsbury)—

Become to wandering fancy's view,
While vision slumbers,
The weird old cities Dork drew
In shilling numbers.

And Station roofs for once may change
Their wonted frowns,
And blend majestic in a range
Of mystic downs.

From cloud-clad tow'rs the hours are spelt,
Whose turrets fair,
Less bleak than Prospero's visions, melt
Into thick air.

But lo! the swathing vapours fleet
Like darkness sifted,
And from the rather shamefaced street
The fog has lifted.

Again, amid its leafless planes,
I see the Abbey;
Unchanged, like it, the fact remains
That I am shabby.

Re-Marks.

THERE have lately been reports of some lunatic threatening Lord ROTHSCHILD's life, but Mr. B. S. MARKS has been most successful in taking his Lordship from life, and exhibiting him in a picture, as he appeared when taking his solemn oath in the House of Lords. As his Lordship is not represented as bare-headed,—his title, we remarked at the time, ought to have been "Lord HATTON,"—it may be supposed that, as the effort of swearing was almost overpowering, the artist caught Lord ROTHSCHILD's happy expression ("Bless me!") just when he had re-covered himself.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Viscount WOLMER said "he saw Hon. Members toss their heads." (See *Times Report*, February 1.) Our Special Artist here gives the effect, showing how some Hon. Members lost their heads, and how others became wrong-headed.

House of Commons, Monday Night, January 31.—A little tragedy unnoted by the thoughtless crowd below under Gallery this evening. Sheriffs of City of London came down, dressed all in their best, to present petition. Business accomplished, took their seats under the Gallery as usual, and began to think what they should have for dinner. With legs crossed, hands folded, and scarlet gown draped around them, mused on modifications of the *menu*; when a sudden disturbance arose from the House. Bells rang, Members crowded in, and attendant, with peremptory gesture, bundled Sheriffs of the City of London into the outer Hall, upsetting as it were the soup, sliding the fish off the dish, and making the *entrées* *exempt*.

All WILFRID LAWSON's joke. AKERS-DOUGLAS had moved New Writ for St. George's, Hanover Square, in place of Lord ALGERNON PERCY. This, it was known, meant to make room for GOSCHEN. Nothing more natural.

"Where," as HARCOEUR says, "could a prominent Unionist go with more appropriateness than to St. George's, Hanover Square?"

But LAWSON as a free and independent elector objected to undue haste. First he had heard of it. Must have time to think over it, so moved adjournment of debate. House cleared for division, and thus the meditations of the Sheriffs of London rudely broken in upon.

RANDOLPH in fine form to-night. Delivered piquant speech constructed on what General WOODALL (late Surveyor-General of the Ordnance) calls "swivel-gun system"—that is to say, it will fire upon anyone in whatever position. Sometimes the muzzle bearing upon HARTINGTON, who sat immediately opposite, violently looking as if he were the sole occupant of the chamber. Sometimes at CHAPLIN in the corner seat to the right; occasionally full in the back of W. H. SMITH, who sat below; and sometimes at the empty seat where

CHAMBERLAIN might have been. When not blowing people up, assumed a fine air of patronage. Reassured W. H. SMITH, patronised HICKS-BEACH, and on the whole let down gently a Conservative Party that had presumed to differ with him.

A promising speech from young CURZON, and then the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate completed HARTINGTON's enjoyment of the evening by reproaching him with bad taste for insisting upon sitting on Front Opposition Bench shoulder to shoulder with GLADSTONE.

Business done.—Further debate on Address.

Tuesday.—A great and proud day for us, the Coming Party, the Chaplinites, the Dissident Unionists. Our Great Chief has seized his opportunity, and made mince-meat of the adversary. All very well for RANDOLPH to occupy two evenings of the Session, for GEORGE HAMILTON to orate, and for CONTEBEARE to discuss the question, "Why are the Tory Party so angry at me?" Our Chief's appearance on the scene dwarfs them all. Its effect, before a word was uttered, remarkable. GLADSTONE, unnecessarily apprehensive as it turned out, had invented necessity for adjourning to the Fens. RANDOLPH, with more occasion, had hurried out of the House, when certain movements on the part of Our Chief indicated preparation for rising. Usually reckless, he could not stand this fire. It was well for him to be out of range, for the firing was terrific. Mr. DISRAELI, in his most pompous moments, never equalled Our Chief in the profundity of his emotion, the impressiveness of his gestures, or the range of his emphasis.

"The noble Lord," he said, in one of the finest passages, "has not the shadow of a leg to stand upon."

I suppose that, as indicating absolute helplessness, the English language does not contain a more striking metaphor.

After this burst of natural eloquence, the vituperation of CONTE-

BEARE fell a little flat. A new Member, one GRAHAM, gave it a fillip in a quaint maiden speech, with something of a touch of Carlyle in it. House thankful for anything out of the ordinary rut, and encouraged new Member with much laughter and cheering. Debate drifted on till midnight, when adjournment moved. W. H. SMITH, rising in ordinary Leader-of-the-House fashion, expressed hope that a little further use of the night might be made. Front Opposition Bench practically deserted; PARNELL absent; apparently no one to lead the Opposition in resisting



"Not the shadow of a Leg to stand upon." *Business done.*—More debate on Address.

Wednesday.—"Still harping on me country," said O'HEA, in voice of deep melancholy.

Was standing at the Bar looking at the almost empty House of Commons, which CRILLY was vehemently addressing. O'HEA never been the same man since O'SHEA left. "I'm a poor widow man," he says, with a tear in his voice.

Particularly downcast to-day, and not without reason. Here we are at the end of first week of Session, and absolutely no forrader. Supposed to be debating the Address. Cloud of Amendments on the paper. Haven't yet, after six days, reached the first one. Amendments touch all subjects, stretching from Egypt to Ireland, *via* Scotland. Each will have its two or three sittings—that relating to Ireland probably a week. Yet here we are to-day, as we have been every day, talking about Ireland. All the speeches to be delivered over again, with others, when PARNELL's Amendment comes on. Well may the tears trickle down the face of the widowed O'HEA. Happy in being out of it is the errant O'SHEA. *Business done.*—None.

Thursday.—Profound sensation in House to-night. RANDOLPH has



Sir J. McGarel Hogg.

what his friends would wish; but it is at least a little curious that he should just now have started for Algiers. Should he go on to Tunis, Monaco, and Venice, perhaps the most short-sighted amongst us will begin to see a hole through the ladder.

Meanwhile Hogg's manouevring led to much conjecture, and on Treasury Bench to some perturbation. What did it portend? Chairman of Metropolitan Board of Works usually regarded as steady-going Conservative, amenable to discipline, and with rooted reverence for authority. What did he do in the seat of the scorner? Was this the beginning of a new revolt?

"J. McGAREL," said W. H. SMITH, uneasily, "I hope you are not going the whole Hogg!"

"I'm not sure about that," said the Baronet. "BARTTELOT, PAGER, and I have been talking matters over. Think it's time we old stagers did something. Nothing is to be got, except by making yourself disagreeable. The young fellows like RANDOLPH get everything; the middle-aged young fellows like CHAPLIN are beginning to wake up. Why should we always sit quiet on the back benches?"

Poor SMITH! and he just beginning to cheer up when he heard of RANDOLPH's flight!

More interminable speech-making, with remote reference to the Address.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—At last reached Amendments to Address. CREMER moved one calling for withdrawal of troops from Egypt. WILFRID LAWSON gave

what he called "a bird's-eye view of how things had gone on in Egypt for the last eleven years." Principal figure in the landscape was GOSCHEN, assisting the KHEDIVE to put ZADIK PASHA in a chest, nailing him up alive, and dropping him to the bottom of the Nile. Sir CHARLES FOSTER, who has already lost his hat, sat and shuddered at graphic picture. W. REDMOND gave account of his visit to Egypt and how he was ashamed to be there, feeling the glances of hatred of the people were merited. SAUNDERS created painful sensation by suggesting that REDMOND had been mistaken for an Englishman. REDMOND, however, hastened to assure the House that this was not so, and equanimity restored.

Business done.—CREMER's Amendment rejected by 263 votes against 97.

TELLINGS OF THE TELEPHONE.

THE account of the conversation recently held between the King of the BELGIANS and President GRÉVY, coupled with the announcement that the Queen had at Bruxelles been listening to a rehearsal at the Paris Opera, has soon led the way to other Continental experiences of a like character. The following comes from a Berlin correspondent:

The new telephonic apparatus was yesterday submitted to the Chancellor, who, taking much apparent interest in the invention, at once requested that he might be put into communication with the eastern frontier of France. This was immediately done, with the result that his Excellency distinctly heard the sawing of the planks now being utilised for the construction of the new French military huts in process of extensive erection in that quarter. This appeared to amuse the Prince, who laughingly suggested that the other end of the machine should be laid on to General BOULANGER's private apartment; and, on being assured that the connection had been effected, he forthwith proceeded to dictate, in a loud and resounding voice, a further threatening article to the Reporter of the *Berlin Post*, who was in attendance for the purpose. This was attentively listened to, though with some astonishment, by the French War Minister, and was followed, in the course of the afternoon, by another characteristic panic on the *Bourse*.

The subjoined is from Vienna. The EMPEROR expressing much satisfaction with the apparatus, said he should like to test it in a little private conversation with the Czar, where, on communication being established with the Winter Palace, his Majesty was startled by hearing distinctly the report of a gun. He, however, immediately made the humorous inquiry, "What are you about? Shooting a Secretary?" to which came the prompt reply, "No. Trying a new Repeating Rifle in my bed-room." After the interchange of a little good-natured badinage of the same character, the Czar suddenly asked "How about the Landsturm? I fancy you're having them drilled. Can hear the continuous tramp." To this the Emperor, after a few moments' reflection, as if struck with a happy thought, responded, "Bless you! It's only the goose step;" an explanation which seemed to occasion the Czar considerable hilarity, as he could be distinctly heard laughing immoderately on receiving it. On the whole the relations between the two Courts may be regarded as excellent, and the prospect may be said to be visibly brightening.

Communication has also quite recently been established between the Foreign Office and Her Majesty's representative at Constantinople, and was put to the test yesterday by the despatch of the laconic inquiry, "Well, what are you up to now?" To which, after a brief interval, was vouchsafed the reply, "Nothing in particular." To this Lord SALISBURY bade his Secretary rejoin, "All right; stick to it," and the conversation, which seemed to indicate a resolution on the part of Her Majesty's Government to assume a somewhat neutral attitude in any possibly impending conflict, abruptly closed.

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